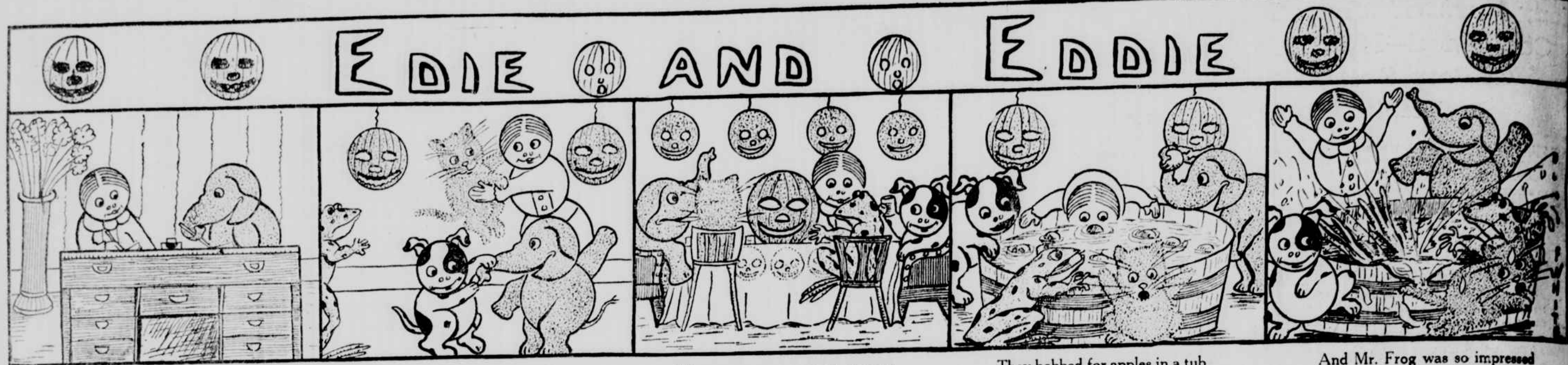


## THE TRIBUNE CHILDREN'S PAGE



Edie and her elephant,  
Last night, at Halloween,  
Invited both their little friends  
To decorate the scene.

The cat and jumping Jack, of course,  
Came gladly, as you see,  
And also Mr. Frog appeared  
Most unexpectedly.

The supper was a great success,  
With lots of tricks and fun  
And lots and lots of things to eat  
For each and every one.

They bobbed for apples in a tub  
And got all nice and wet,  
And, if the apples had held out,  
They would be bobbing yet.

And Mr. Frog was so impressed  
And pleased with the affair  
He said he guessed he'd stay all night  
And went to bed right there.

## CANDYTOWN STORIES

By LOUISE S. HASBROUCK. **How a Jack-o-Lantern Brought Mealy Marshmallow to the Halloween Party.**

THE Marshmallows are so called because they live on a marsh, and Mr. Marshmallow makes sweet flour out of mallow flowers. You would know them for a miller's family anywhere, they are so white and dusty. There are four Marshmallows—Mr. and Mrs. Marshmallow, Amelia, usually called Mealy, and Powder-puff Marshmallow, the baby.

Mealy did not often get into Candytown, where all the rest of the Candy children live, because she had to stay home and mind Powder-puff while her mother and father worked in the mill. She often felt lonely—and she felt especially so one day in the fall, when she heard that Gertrude Gum-Drop was to give a party Halloween night—for Mealy had not received an invitation.

Halloween came, and as Mealy was putting Powder-puff to bed she dropped several salt tears on his nightie, for she was thinking how much she would like to be at the party. Just then she happened to glance out of the window and saw a will-of-the-wisp flickering over the marsh. She had heard that on Halloween all the fairies are abroad, the good ones as well as the mischievous, so when she saw the will-of-the-wisp she thought perhaps it was a good fairy with a lantern. Tucking Powder-puff in quickly and kissing him good night, Mealy ran out of the house, for she thought if she could not go to the party she might at least have the fun of seeing a fairy.

Mealy was so used to the swamp she was not afraid of it, even when it was dark. The will-of-the-wisp danced here and there, getting always a little further away—and whether or not it was a fairy with a lantern Mealy never knew, for it disappeared just as she got to the edge of the marsh. But in front of

her the lights of Candytown glowed bright and warm, and Mealy thought: "As long as I am so near I'll just run over to Gertrude Gum-Drop's house and look in the window a moment."



"SHE CAME UPON THE JACK-O-LANTERN . . . GLARING AT HER."

When she got there she found that the shades were up, and she could see everything. Lump Sugar, Tommy Taffy, the Chewing-Gum Boy, Rock Candy and some others were bobbing for apples over a big tub of water. Chocolate Peppermint, Teeny Weeny Caraway Seed and several of the Stick Candy brothers were roasting chestnuts in the big fireplace. Lena Lemon-Drop and Chocolate Cream were paring apples and throwing the parings over their shoulders to see what initials they would form.

Mealy stood outside, a shivering little white figure, for she had forgotten her coat, and longed to share in the fun. But, of course, one cannot go to a party without an invitation.

Meanwhile Charlie Coconut-Bar and Henry Horehound-Drop were

with, when they saw Mealy Marshmallow hovering about like a little white ghost.

Scaring other people is a very different thing from being scared yourself. The boys dropped their Jack-o-Lantern, and ran into the house by the back way as fast as they could. "Oh, oh, there's a ghost looking in the window!" they told the party inside.

Some of the party shrieked, but others, including Chocolate Cream, all the Stick Candies, who are very brave, and Peter Sweet Chocolate ran out to investigate. In the meantime Mealy started to run away around the corner. As she did so she came upon the Jack-o-Lantern, which was still lighted and looked like a big yellow face, glaring at her from the ground. Mealy was frightened. She turned the other

way and ran right into Chocolate Cream and the others. They all fell in a heap on top of her.

At first the others had thought Mealy really was a ghost, but when they fell on top of her she felt so soft and yet solid; in fact, so exactly like a Marshmallow, that they dragged her to the light and all exclaimed: "Why, it is Mealy Marshmallow!"

Mealy wriggled and hid her face, for she was ashamed at having come there uninvited. But Gertrude Gum-Drop ran out and said: "Why, Mealy, I'm glad to see you. I sent you an invitation by the Owl postman, but you did not answer, and I was afraid you could not come. You must come right in now, for we are just going to have supper."

Then, of course, Mealy felt very much better. She went in, and they had a wonderful supper, of pickles and other things Candy Children like to eat, with thimblefuls of sweet cider to drink. When the party was over Henry Horehound-Drop saw Mealy home. In the meantime Mealy grew so well acquainted with the Candytown boys and girls that she made them promise to come to her house for a Marshmallow toast, about which you shall hear in another story.

## Puzzle

## NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My whole is composed of twenty-nine letters and is a proverb counselling patience.

My 4-16-23-27-32 is a beautiful, lustrous fabric. My 26-22-24-21 is a name word. My 15-13-11-17-18-13-25 is a wildflower native to Scotland. My 20-28-9-1-26-29 is vocal music. My 14-5-6-12-8-2 is skill in some special line. My 9-19-10-6-7-28 is a liquid measure.

By Gayne T. K. Norton.

WHAT do you do when you see a snake that is not securely caged behind glass? Perhaps you run; or perhaps you grab the nearest hoe or club and proceed to kill it; or perhaps you get some one else to do it for you. At any rate, not till it is dead or you are out of its way do you feel quite safe.

But why do you kill snakes? With few exceptions snakes are of great value and should not be killed. Furthermore, the snake fears you a great deal more than you fear it. Give it the chance to run, and it will. Try this with the next snake you see.

By this is not meant that no snakes should be killed or that we should all become snake faddists and handle and cage the reptiles, but that we should be content to let live what does not harm us.

Seventeen-year-old Walter D. Archibald used to be one of the vast army that kills snakes upon sight, but a new interest in snakes was aroused in him five years ago, when he was only twelve, at Camp Wyonee, on Long Lake, Maine. One of the men at the camp gave a talk on the usefulness of snakes and showed the boys some of his specimens.

His old ideas about snakes vanished and he determined to put the new ones to the test. He caught two garter snakes and kept them in the tent the rest of the summer, much to the disgust of his tent mates. That summer he also caught and made a friend of a bat.

## Puzzle Answers

## HOUR-GLASS.

banAnas  
suNny  
nIp  
M  
pAn  
InTer  
seeEraI

## CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

Answer—Home.

My 1-16-23-27-32 is a beautiful, lustrous fabric.

My 26-22-24-21 is a name word.

My 15-13-11-17-18-13-25 is a wildflower native to Scotland.

My 20-28-9-1-26-29 is vocal music.

My 14-5-6-12-8-2 is skill in some special line.

My 9-19-10-6-7-28 is a liquid measure.

His next snakes he caught the following year in Van Cortlandt Park, in New York, where he lives. They were a very young black snake, a milk snake and a garter snake. These he kept in cages in his back yard. The garter snake, glad to have his food found for

mer he liberated the snakes in New Jersey. The next summer he caught two black snakes on Long Island. One had fallen into a twelve foot deep cistern near a burned house, and the other, a smaller snake, he caught in the grass.

Both of these he kept all winter. One day when he was showing to a friend the smaller snake, which had become quite tame, the friend pulled out its forked tongue, thinking to do Walter a favor. This forked tongue, which all snakes have, is the ear, and is absolutely harmless. Soon after this the snake became listless and eventually died. The big snake he gave to the New York Zoological Society and it is now in the reptile house in Bronx Park.

Last spring he caught three snakes, one of which was five feet long, an exceptional size, and some very snakes. The milk snake he found in an old well in Chenango County, N.Y. They fought hard to get away and coiled themselves about the rods in their efforts, but they did not turn in the boy. Other snakes he has caught are now in the reptile house. He has some in school, some in a church basement, some in his back yard and some he never brought to the city.

Those he left with the church snakes got away, much to the congregation's annoyance. Those in the back yard also escaped, after which Walter heard from his mother. The ones at De Witt Clinton High School, which Walter attends, were used as specimens and were the subject of several talks he gave to the Biological Field Club of the school.

Just now Walter has no snakes in his home, but he has hopes, and he is still studying them. He has never handled any deadly snakes, for he has never been where they are found. He has caught water snakes from a stream, and to hear him tell of it is as good as to hear him tell of a long canoe trip he collected a few.

Walter has learned from his own experience and from study that snakes are divided generally into three classes: (1) the racers, of which the racer (black snake) is typical; (2) the constrictors—snakes that kill their food by coiling about it and crushing it; the pictured pine snake is a type of the biggest snakes are of this class; (3) the poisonous snakes, two varieties of which are found in this part of the country—the timber rattler and the copperhead. These are the only ones around here that should be killed. No one snake can belong to more than one of these three classes.

him, behaved finely; the black snake and milk snake, however, objected to the captivity and refused to eat. To the milk snake he forcibly fed bits of meat, while for the black snake he hatched some tadpoles and made him eat the toads. At the end of the summer he liberated the snakes in New Jersey.

The one in the cistern was five feet long, and after vainly trying to capture it with a noose he made a ladder and climbed down after it. The snake did not fight until it was once more free on the ground; then when he tried to get it it turned on him and nipped him.

WALTER D. ARCHIBALD AND HIS NORTHERN PINE SNAKE.  
Photo by courtesy of New York Zoological Society.

## MRS. GRAMMAR'S BALL

An old Mrs. Grammar once gave a fine ball To which she invited eight persons in all.

First came Mistress Noun and her Adjective maid,  
And then Mr. Verb, a dashing young blade.

He brought a young Adverb to wait upon him,  
And small Preposition, slender and slim.

Conjunction and Pronoun were next on the floor,  
Then late Interjection slipped in at the door.

They danced and they sang, as young people can,  
And were very happy till boasting began.

"All speak of my name," said blushing Miss Noun.  
"My doings," said Verb, "are the talk of the town."

"I stand for Miss Noun!" the Pronoun then cried.  
"And I help the Verb," the Adverb replied.

"I speak of fair Noun," sweet Adjective vowed;  
"I point her name out in all of the crowd—"

"I tell of what kind, how much and how many  
Her beautiful virtues are, better than any."

"For deeds of the Verb I, Adverb, declare,  
In answer quite plain, the how, when and where."

"Then," said Conjunction, "I favor repentance.  
We'll join the two first and then pass the sentence."

"Or to use the broad 'A,' which is thought not a farce,  
We'll join the two first and the sentence we'll parse."

"Yes," chirp'd Preposition in the greatest elation,  
"I know they are kin, for I show the relation."

When out spoke a voice: "I call it a sin  
Such wrangling and jangling for you to get in."

"Now each one is happy and has his own place,  
The meaning of which is easy to trace."

"While poor little me they angrily throw  
Right into a sentence, some feeling to show."

"Forget your own quarrels in tearful reflection  
On the troubles and trials of poor Interjection."

And so it was ended, the fuss and the worry—  
They kissed and made up and said they were sorry.

And all lived together in peace, I am told,  
In a house that was blue, with trimmings of gold.

F. S. TEPLER.



FIRST CAME MISTRESS NOUN WITH HER ADJECTIVE MAID AND THEN MR. VERB, A DASHING YOUNG BLADE.



"MY DOINGS," SAID VERB, "ARE THE TALK OF THE TOWN."



"FORGET YOUR OWN QUARRELS IN TEARFUL REFLECTION ON THE TROUBLES AND TRIALS OF POOR INTERJECTION!"



AND ALL LIVED TOGETHER IN PEACE, I AM TOLD, IN A HOUSE THAT WAS BLUE, WITH TRIMMINGS OF GOLD.